

# A new Medley,

OR  
A Messe of All-together.  
To the tune of *Tarltons Medley*.



Strange news is come from Hounslow heath,  
That all false Thieves are put to death,  
Nell Collins has a stinking breath,

I heard Tom Phillips say:

The Coffer and the Boome-mans wife,  
Have made a match, He lay my life,  
Come drinke a cup and end all strife,  
Sweet Kester.

They say that Turnbull-street is cleane  
Transform'd, there scant is left a Queene,  
Oh neighbour Ralph what doe you meane,  
to payne your shirt for Ale:

This drinkeing healths makes many sicke,  
Nan Williams has deuill'd a tricke,  
To gull her husband, silly Dicke,  
the Piller.

Pease-porridge makes our Mall breake winde,  
She makes vs thinke that she is kinde,  
Because she speaks to vs behind,  
as freely as before:

The Butler is gone out oth' way,  
Cause no man shall drinke here to day,  
His Master bids him do't they say,  
on purpose.

Will Cooke and Sisse the Dairy maide,  
Doe sit together in the shade,  
Stealing would be an excellent trade,  
and twere not for this hanging:

The Hangman he leanes worke by noone,  
Sweet heart goe not away so soone,  
I thinke there is a man i'th' Poone,  
Star-gazer.

There is more clothes in Birchin-lane  
I thinke, than would load Charles his Waine,  
King Edward lou'd a goldsmiths lane,  
the best ware in the shop:

The Tanner made the King a feast,  
A Pastiffe dog's a valiant Beast,  
He oft, thinks most that saves the least,  
old Hobson.

Dido was a Carthage Queene,  
As I walke in a Meddows greene,  
The fairest Lasse that ere was seene,  
that was the flower of Kent:  
Looke to your forehead honest friend,  
The longest day must haue an end,  
Good fortune unto thee, God send,  
young Wydegroome.

When as King Henry rul'd this Land,  
All things did in good order stand,  
Then scarce a Lawyer had a hand,  
to take a double fee:  
Cele Pyes are dainty meate in Lent,  
I praye Roger be content,  
Good Land-lords doe not raise your rent  
so highly.

The Courtier scornes the Countrey Clotne,  
There dwels a widow in our Towne,  
Pray mother lend me halfe a Crowne  
to buy a wedding Ring:

Tom Taylor did not ble me well,  
To steale two yards out of one Ell,  
My Belly both began to swell,  
I'me pepper'd.

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The second part,

To the same tune.



**A** Battersey good Turnips grow,  
There goes three Milke-maids on a row,  
He thinks it is a seemely shew  
to see three honest Millers:  
The Sea-man and the Souldier bold,  
Wenter their lines for fame and gold,  
A Plat, a Trumpet, and a Scold,  
three good wines.

King Edgar hated drunkenesse,  
And Iulius Caesar loath'd excess,  
I pray thee tell me pretty Beile,  
who lay with thee last night:  
Æneas was a perjur'd Prince,  
Too many haue done like him since,  
Sweet-heart Ile giue thee eightene pence  
to kisse thee.

To thinke how things are chang'd of late,  
That Charitie's quite out of date,  
Would force a silent man to prate,  
oh the merry dayes of old, (cloath,  
When knights and squires wore good broad,  
The poore had ease as well as both,  
Oh doe not make vs pay for froth  
good Tapster.

Our Ladies now are like to Apes,  
Their mindes doe alter like their shapes,  
Fie Wiffrs, he, your placket gapes,  
couer your flesh for shame:  
The Pander quarrels with the Whore,  
And sayes he'l bee their man no more,  
The shot is paine, wipe off the scope  
kinde Holles.

London printed for H. Goffen.

A Usurer and a Broker be  
Both Brothers of a company,  
The Deuill sure must make them free  
when they haue seru'd their time:  
In old time Bakers us'd to be,  
Promoted to the Pillory,  
Now none, vnlesse for Perjury,  
pepe theow.

The Carrier brings by euery wake  
Brans & asses, which the Bawds doe seeke,  
What Welchman will not were a Rake  
upon Saint Davids day?  
Saint George lies dead at Coventrey,  
Oh now for such a man as he,  
Our Capteines dy'd i'th Ile of Ree,  
ill tydings.

Quene Elinor built Charing-crosse,  
Which now is couer'd with Pisse,  
The Spahyards mourne for their late losse,  
I meane the rich Plate Fleet:  
The Dutchmen grieve, and so do we,  
For th' death of young Prince Henry,  
Alas, there is no remedy,  
but patience.

My merry Medley here I end,  
Which to young men and maids I send,  
To make them mirth, the same was pend,  
although it seeme non-sense:  
Yet is there such variety  
Of sense for each capacity,  
That old and young may please be  
to learne it.

Finis.

M.P.